



### END OF THE SESSION.

*Troublesome Voter.* "I MUST SAY, SIR, THAT I CONSIDER YOU HAVE BROKEN YOUR PROMISE TO YOUR CONSTITUENTS."

*Young M.P.* "REALLY, MR. BANKS, I'M AWFULLY SORRY, DON'T YOU KNOW; BUT"—(amably)—"I THINK I CAN MAKE ANOTHER JUST AS GOOD!"

### THE PROVERBS OF PILJOSH.

*Freely rendered into English from the original Styptic.*

BY F. ANSTEY.

#### II.

MISTRUST the Bridegroom who presenteth himself at the wedding ceremony with (or without—the Styptic is capable of either interpretation.—Trans.) sticking-plaster upon his chin.

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"What! is my Original dead?" cried the Statue. "Then have I lost my last chance of becoming celebrated!"

\* \* \* \* \*

"What is your favourite perfume?" they asked the Hog, and he answered them, "Pigwash."

"How vulgar!" exclaimed the Ape. "Mine is patchouli." But the Fox said that, in his opinion, the less scent one used the better.

\* \* \* \* \*

"What a cruel contrivance is that 'Catch-em-alive-oh' paper!" sighed the Spider, as she sat in her web.

\* \* \* \* \*

The Parasol fell violently in love with the Umbrella, because he had such a handsome golden head. But when a rainy day came she saw through him only too plainly.

\* \* \* \* \*

A certain Pheasant was giving herself considerable airs upon having lately joined the Anti-Sporting League.

"Softly, friend," said a wily old cock, "for, should this

League of thine succeed in its object, every man's hand would be against us and we should rest neither by day nor by night—whereas, as it is, our lives are protected all night by guards, and spared all day by our owner and his guests, who are incapable of shooting for nuts."

\* \* \* \* \*

"It is not what we look that signifieth," said the Scorpion, virtuously, "it is what we are."

\* \* \* \* \*

"I have composed the most pathetic poem in the world!" declared the Poet.

"How canst thou be sure of that?" he was asked.

"Because," he replied, "I recited it to the Crocodile—and she could not refrain from weeping!"

\* \* \* \* \*

A certain vain-glorious Gas-lamp was once exulting over a Glow-worm.

"It is true," replied the latter, "that thy light may be more brilliant than my own—but at all events I do not raise my prices 6d. a thousand feet at the slightest provocation!"

And the Gas-lamp, having no answer, turned blue and whistled with seeming carelessness.

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"It is always gratifying to find oneself appreciated!" said the Cabbage, when they labelled him as a Cabaña.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Don't talk to me about Cactus!" said the Ostrich contemptuously to the Camel. "Inspid stuff, I call it! No, for real flavour and delicacy, give me a pair of Sheffield scissors!"

\* \* \* \* \*

"I think we belong to branches of the same family?" said the Toad to the Turtle-dove.

\* \* \* \* \*

"The accommodation is not luxurious, certainly," remarked the philosophic Mouse when he found himself in the trap, "but I can put up with a few inconveniences for the short time I shall be here."

\* \* \* \* \*

"I cannot understand his conduct," said the Extinguisher of the Candle, "no sooner do I approach than he goes out!"

\* \* \* \* \*

There was once a Musical Box which played one tune, to which its owner was never weary of listening. But in time he desired a novelty, and could not rest until he had changed the barrel for another. However, he sickened of the second tune sooner than of the first, and so he changed it for a third—which he liked not at all. Accordingly he ordered the Box to return to the first tune of all, and lo! this was an abomination to his ears, and he could not conceive how he had ever been able to endure it. So the Musical Box was placed on the shelf, and the owner purchased a mouth-organ, which played according to his liking.

\* \* \* \* \*

"I may not have quite the range of a rifle," said the Popgun, "but then see how light I am to carry!"

\* \* \* \* \*

"Do come in!" snapped the severed Shark's Head to the Ship's Cat. "I'm carrying on business as usual during the alterations, and I daresay I can accommodate you somewhere."

"Thanks," said the Cat retreating, "but you don't seem to have a place to put me in just now—so I'll come back when you're more settled."

\* \* \* \* \*

A certain Sociable Cockatrice entered a Mothers' Meeting, determined to make himself agreeable, but was astonished to find himself universally shunned.

"How particular women are about trifles!" he thought bitterly, "just because I said good afternoon with my mouth full! I shall go back to the Infant School and finish my lunch."



Sydney Carruthers.

## TWO POINTS OF VIEW.

*Augustus (to fair Cousin, at whose house he is paying a visit). "I HAVE BEEN SPENDING THE MORNING UP AT THE RUINS OF THAT OLD NORMAN CASTLE THAT YOU ALL TALK SO MUCH ABOUT."*

*Pear Cousin. "OH, YES! WHAT A SWEET PLACE IT IS! AND DO YOU KNOW THAT IT IS FULL OF THE MOST CHARMING AND ROMANTIC ASSOCIATIONS!"*

*Augustus. "IS IT? —IT'S A FINE PLACE FOR RATS!"*

## POSTAL PROGRESS.

(From a newspaper of the future.)

YESTERDAY, at the North Kensington Police Court, Miss GRACE GOODHART, aged sixty-eight, was charged under the Post Office Act of 1920, with the very serious offence of infringing the monopoly of the Postmaster-General. It appeared that prisoner, who resides at Bayswater, wrote a letter to a lady living at Notting Hill, that is, in an adjoining street, and then conveyed the letter with her own hands to the addressee's house.

Such a gross abuse of the privileges of the Post Office recalls the worst days of

the District Messenger Service, an almost forgotten corps of boys abolished at the beginning of this century. We believe that, in the last century, not only were these boys permitted to compete with the Post Office—at that time an institution which courted popularity by foolish concessions to public needs—but private persons were actually allowed to convey their own letters. This seems almost incredible now.

The prisoner pleaded guilty. It was urged in her defence that she was hardly aware of the enormity of her crime, having been accustomed, when a young woman, to the easier morality of postal affairs in

those days. The solicitor appearing for the prisoner, incidentally referred to the District Messenger Boys in the course of his remarks. He also urged that the letter was important, as it contained a cheque for a subscription in aid of a postman suddenly ill from overwork in hot weather. Miss GOODHART, a lady of ample means, with no temptations to crime, had carried the letter herself to avoid delay.

Official witnesses from the Post Office stated in cross-examination that an ordinary letter was conveyed from Bayswater to Notting Hill in about 15 hours, an express letter in 14½ hours, and an extra special express letter, with a fee of five shillings, in 14½ hours, supposing that the compressed air motor postal van did not break down on the way, which often happened. In that case the letter would be delivered within three days, but no part of the five shillings would be refunded. A telegram requires nine hours. A message by the electric-magnetic-hydraulic-pneumatic tube, provided the tube is not blocked, can go sometimes in eight hours.

The Magistrate said that these side issues did not in any way diminish the guilt of the prisoner. If persons so abandoned were allowed to break the law with impunity, the British Empire would drift into a condition of complete anarchy resembling that of Germany or Russia. If the Post Office were treated as an institution supported by public money for the public benefit, instead of a magnificent monopoly above all competition, the British Empire would be tottering to its fall. Nevertheless, in view of the prisoner's age, and seeing also that it was her first offence, he was about to inflict an unusually light punishment. She was therefore sentenced to imprisonment, without hard labour, for three calendar months, was ordered to pay a fine of £100, and was bound over to be of good behaviour for fifty years. H. D. B.

## G. E. STRIKE.

(CHORUS—"The Monkey on the Stick.")

COOK! COOK!

Did it all on his own hook,

In a very clever way!

And he wrote to say "The men  
Would the Masters meet, till when  
Not a word from me, or 'G,'"

"Gooday!"

MUSICAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.—Companion song to CONAN DOYLE'S "Who carries the gun?" will be "How does the gun carry?" appropriate for the shooting season. Perhaps the reply is anticipated in WEATHERBY'S new song "Ever so far away." The patriotic song by CHARLES MACKAY, "There's a Sea!" and "There's Air!"



HINTS TO BEGINNERS.  
BIG GAME HUNTING.—I.

TIGER SHOOTING IS BEST ENJOYED FROM THE BACK OF AN ELEPHANT. THE BIGGER THE ELEPHANT, THE BETTER.

LAST OPERA NOTES.

Ah, my dear *Barber of Seville!* Welcome, thrice welcome on this tropical night! Light airs refresh us! The sweet melodies of ROSSINI soothe us, enchant us, and bring back some of the very happiest memories of our earliest operatic evenings. Immortal work! Our "heart weighed down by weight of" WAGNER; we drop into poetry and sing—

Weary of WAGNER, MEYERBEER, PUCCINI,  
We welcome sweet, melodious ROSSINI.

From the very first chorus to the very last note, it is all delightful, and delightful in every part. Never for one instant dull, never heavy. All the performing vocalists are singing, saying or doing something that adds to the complications, creates laughter, and develops the plot. A model of a comic opera! Ah, if only all the artistes would play it without clowning! Why degrade genuine light comedy into pantomimic farce? Let us take the goods the gods provide and be very thankful that MELBA is as sprightly a Rosina as any young lady of Spain not yet out of her teens could be, and singing so admirably, so perfectly, that not one young lady of Spain, or Italy, or Australia, whether still in her teens or out of them, in a thousand, could come within measurable distance of her. The part, as far as acting goes, suits MELBA: it is sprightly fun, it is *intrigue*, and she thoroughly enjoys it.

MR. BESNAUDE is stiff as *Figaro*; he can't skip about naturally, his facial expression is limited, and, though his singing is of the best, yet his tongue refuses to wag rapidly enough for the *Ah, Bravo, Figaro*, while his legs and hands are not those of the nimble dancing barber. Mdlle. BAUERMEISTER is charming as *Bertha* (with a song), but too bad of that great big six-foot Bassoon boy EDOUARD DE RESZEK, as *Basilio*, to romp

about with the fragile little woman all over the stage as if he were a hobbledehoy home for the holidays, and ready for a lark with the nurse or the lady's maid. The performance of Signor BALDELLI, as *Bartolo* was the nearest approach to the requirements of comedy, and his singing was excellent. As for Signor DE LUCIA, his singing as *Count Almaviva*, if not so honey-sweet as the serenade and the love music demand, is otherwise perfect; it is not his fault if he is not the ideal Count; *Almaviva*s are born, not made; and can't be "made up." MELBA sang "the mad scene" from *Lucia*, probably as a compliment to Signor LUCIA, who applauded it heartily, and joined with Signor BALDELLI (who justified his name by having his wig removed) in the general enthusiastic request for an encore.

"Sing it again! Sing it aga'in!  
You sang it so sweetly,  
Oh, sing it again!"

Whereupon Madame MELBA, gracefully complying with the spirit but not with the letter of the request, sat down at the piano, and to her own accompaniment, gave us TOSCA's "Maddalena," which, though, as its name implies, a song specially written for matinées, would have been most acceptable on this occasion, had it not been preceded by the brilliant song of Sir WALTER SCOTT's lunatic heroine. Everybody delighted with entire performance, and MANCINELLI happy.

MOZART'S *Giovanni* was down for Friday, and Monday, the 30th, was announced as the last night. *Sic transit gloria Monday*, "which likewise is the end of" *opera omnia* at Covent Garden. Fly away, song-birds, and return with the spring.

MOST REFRESHING FRUIT IN THIS TROPICAL WEATHER.—  
"Currents—of air."

## A PROPHET'S PROFITS.

MADAME ANGELICA was charged at Bowstring Police Court with fortunetelling. According to an advertisement, she was "a well-known Oriental lady from the land of mysticism."

*The Magistrate.* This is not a very definite address.

Continuing, Counsel said that this lady professed to find lost property, unearth hidden mysteries, make hair grow on the handle of an umbrella, detect crime, or make sense out of a South Eastern Railway Time Table. On one occasion, a housewife consulted her as to the direction in which the rabbit-pie had gone, when the prophetess at once named Constable B. & S. 621, XX Division, as the culprit: on another, she correctly indicated the fate which had overtaken a gentleman convicted of wilful murder. By means of a guinea fee (paid strictly in advance) the mystic had been making an income of about fifteen hundred a year—there was no mystery about that. Counsel then said that he would read a few hundred letters—

*The Magistrate.* Not if I know it!

Then, in that case, he would at once proceed to call his first witness, ALEXIS MACFOODLE.

ALEXIS MACFOODLE said that for no earthly reason that he knew of, except that he wanted a job, he consulted the Sage. He was a young man himself, and as one of the young 'uns, he thought it well to have the Sage and young 'uns mixed—

The Magistrate here observed that this was most irrelevant, whereupon the witness, with fine sarcasm, told the magistrate that he was another. Witness, continuing, said that prisoner did not wish to see his hand. It was rather dirty, and that might have been the reason. The mystic advised him not to put his head anywhere within reach of a prize-fighter's fist; to wear flannel next to his skin, and go to church twice on Sundays. Madame said, "I see water at your feet: this means that you had better go out and get some whiskey to mix with it." She also said that if he carried out his intention of going to Australia, there was a long voyage before him. The mystic added that he, witness, would receive a picture of one of his ancestors shortly, and that if he put his foot through it, it would lose considerably in value. She wound up by saying that talking was thirsty work, and a "gin and ginger" would just about fill the bill.

At this stage the learned magistrate observed that he had heard enough. There would be nothing of a mystic nature in his sentence, which was that the Oriental must part with twenty-five of the best, or remain for a period of one calendar.

## THE SNAWKE.

*A Fisherman's Story.*

YES! Fishing's a subject I know lots about—  
Not snaring of salmon nor fooling of trout,  
Nor pulling out gudgeon, when weather is fine,  
Nor playing a pike with a rod and a line:  
E'en fishing for cod, when the day's rather rough,  
I candidly own it is not good enough—  
But fishing that's sport is delightful to me;  
When Snawkle-fish flash in the Glamorous Sea!  
  
Away in the North—No, I won't tell you where—  
Is the sea I have named, with its keen biting air:  
Where Snawkle-fish love to meander and play,  
And leap, dash, and flounder in search of their prey.



"Haul at Sea!"

With hook like a butcher's and bait like a buoy,  
And wire-rope tackle you're bound to employ,  
With knives and revolvers 'tis possible we  
May catch a stray Snawkle in Glamorous Sea!  
  
He's covered with bristles as thick as a hog;  
He blows like a grampus and barks like a dog:  
With fin like a foresail and teeth like a shark,  
And eyes like port-lanterns that gleam in the dark!  
The fiercest of fishes that e'er was afloat,  
He'll bite off your arm or will eat up your boat;  
Your lot will be sad, if you happen to be  
Alone with the Snawkle on Glamorous Sea!  
  
The last one I caught it was glorious fun;  
Three miles of the line he took out at a run,

Then quickly returning and howling with pain,  
He rushed at the boatman again and again!  
He turned the boat over, flung us in the wet:  
A battle ensued that I ne'er shall forget.  
I pulled out my pistol! Ere you could count three,  
The Snawkle lay dead in the Glamorous Sea!

## OUR TRAVEL BUREAU.

(*Hints to intending Holiday-makers, re Desirable Countries to Visit, and their Respective Attractions.*)

*Switzerland.*—Alpine accident season just begun. Glaciers in fine form.

*Turkey.*—Celebration of Twenty-fifth Anniversary of Sultan's Accession. Armenian thanksgivings. Effendis, whose salaries are in arrear, bastinadoed for not having money to contribute to festivities. Inauguration of University at Stamboul. Suspension of Professors. Expulsion of Students. Fireworks. Dynamite. Young Turkey Party. Great Sack Dive in Bosphorus. Sensational Bowstring Act. Effigy of Mr. Punch publicly burned on occasion of the Selamlik.

*Italy.*—Trial of 330 Sardinian brigands. Facilities for investigating operations of Mafia in Sicily. Absence of organ-grinders (all having professional engagements in London). Freedom from tune of "Absent-minded Beggar."

*Spain.*—Riots at Barcelona—opening for special correspondent or pavement contractor. Interview with perpetrator of buried Spanish treasure yarn.

*South Africa.*—Not taking any, till the autumn at any rate.

*China.*—Taking still less. Not a health resort at present.

*Great Britain.*—Excellent locality for the study of the American language and manners, especially at Alexandra Park, Shaftesbury Avenue, and Stratford-on-Avon. Occasionally an aboriginal Englishman can be met with, but such are gradually being ousted by Russian Jews, Swiss and other cosmopolitan immigrants.

A. A. S.

## PEN-SYLVANIANS.

*The Daily Telegraph* speaking of the members of the Lady-Writers Association, calls them "nymphs of the pen." This expression strikes us as being very sweet and even poetical. We can fancy the fair journalists making Fleet Street beautiful, as they trip from one Pierian spring to another, deftly piercing the hearts of the susceptible male editors with well poised goosenecks and flashing Birmingham nibs. Hitherto we have never regarded Minerva as a nymph, but in future we shall look upon her, as more or less of the pen-sylvanian school.



## THE DOG IN THE MANGER.

Postman. "HERE, I SAY, WHAT HAVE YOU GOT THERE! A LETTER! HAND IT OVER TO ME. YOU'RE MUCH TOO SMART, YOU ARE!"  
Mr. Punch. "WHAT A SHAME! WHY CAN'T YOU LET THE BOY ALONE, AND DELIVER YOUR OWN LETTERS PUNCTUALLY?"

## DARBY JONES ON GOODWOOD.

HONOURED SIR.—Silence, like a public-house tumbler, is made to be broken. This simile may not strike your Magnificent. Yourself reposing, no doubt, under the shade of the Oriental Ice Plant, and fanned by breezes of a Perpetual Punkah, but it is a crystallised fact. His Grace of RICHMOND and GORDON is one of those representative Peers whose ancestry dates back to the Reckless Days of King CHARLES II., a Monarch who promoted horse racing for the good of the Newmarket Ditch, to which we all doff our Tam o' Shanters and Sombreros. But, back to our Southdown Muttons, who browse in birdless groves—not ditches. The Cup is the goblet desired by all Sportsmen, because it costs comparatively 0. and means a Great Deal. Waking my Muse, who has been taking Sulphurial Tabloids during the Frying Pan Period, I chortle:

The Happy Sailor has a chance  
The Landlord well to beat;  
The Mighty Are's electric dance  
May make the Dalesman "greet."  
But Liverpudlian vis-a-vis  
The Foresters should grasp,  
And Second Neddy going free,  
Conceited grace won't pass.

I perceive, Venerated Sir, that Sir J. BLUNDELL MAPLE is at a loss to Nomenclature (word registered) a remarkable School of Young Turfites. I am not much of a godfather, but if Sir J. B. M. will accept some of my Impromptu Suggestions, they are at his service. Here is the list of beauties and my Euchrisma.

Bay filly by Common—Priestess. Druidess.  
Bay filly by Common—Simon Bay. Simony.  
Bay filly by Common—Minting Queen. Copper Pyx.  
Bay filly by Common—Omladina. Sherbert.  
Bay filly by Common—Blue Mark. Washerwoman.  
Chestnut filly by Persimmon—Mazurka. Blue  
Hongroise.  
Bay filly by Florizel II.—Schism. Split.  
Bay filly by Florizel II.—Bonny Rose. Sweet  
Petal.  
Chestnut filly by Isinglass—Honey Cup. Jellybag.  
Bay filly by Royal Hampton—Superba. Royal  
Pride.  
Bay colt by Persimmon—Siffuse. Persiflage.  
Bay colt by Persimmon—Barbette. En Bloc.  
Black colt by Royal Hampton or Childwick—La  
Gloria. Wise Child.  
Bay colt by Royal Hampton—Lightfoot. Royal  
Rout.  
Bay colt by Royal Hampton—Blondina. Sir Peter  
Lely.  
Chestnut colt by Royal Hampton—Rosybrook.  
Redœa.  
Bay gelding by Royal Hampton—Donova. Queen's  
Visit.

Such, honoured Sir, are my humble endeavours to ease sponsors at the Equine Font of the magnate of St. Albans. That the Maple may be syrupy as of yore is the Heartfelt Hope of

Your Incorruptible Satellite,  
DARBY JONES.

## “THE LUNATIC, THE LOVER.”

[“M. MAURICE DE FLEURY, a Parisian nerve specialist, declares that love is a mania to be put in the same category as alcoholism.”—*Daily Paper*.]

SWEETHEART, the spell is broken,  
The bond that bound us cracks,  
For hark! the sage hath spoken  
Whose wisdom nothing lacks;  
And he hath stated clearly  
That we who love so dearly  
Are—dare I breathe it?—merely  
Demented maniacs.

This hunger and this craving,  
This longing for my fair,  
Is nothing but a raving  
Insanity, he'll swear.  
Well, well; but then, if we, love,  
Are mad, I'd rather be, love,  
A lunatic with thee, love,  
Than sane with Monsieur there.

## MR. PUNCH'S MUSEUM.



A Chinese Loving Cup of extremely doubtful design. Believed to belong to the Dowager Empress of China.

DEMORALISING EFFECT OF 90° IN THE SHADE.—“Bathing” says the Bournemouth correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* “is at its height” . . . . “Practically mixed bathing is winked at though not allowed by the regulations” . . . . Fancy the sort of “winking at” the bathing which has become a bit “mixed” must excite! Where it is allowed by the regulations, as at any “bathing station” abroad, there is no “winking” and nothing to wink at. But when, as at Bournemouth, or at any bathing place on the prim English coast, bathing *en famille* is NOT permitted, then any infringement of the law becomes at once a trifle “risky.” What trash! Allow it, or forbid it. But no “winking,” if you please.

TROPICAL HEAT! CONGESTED TRAFFIC IN LONDON STREETS.—The only blocks welcome now are Blocks of Ice.

## “WHERE TO GO.”

## NO. III.

I WENT on to Oldborough, but there was no accommodation at the price we wanted, and feeling very hungry and being unsuccessful in discovering any cheap restaurant, I was obliged to have my meal at the Hotel Grand. I addressed the waiter (a German) with great firmness. I said, “Waiter, I don't want a lot of dishes, I am not hungry”—that was not true; “I want one thing only.” He suggested lobster and salad, which I thought an excellent idea. He brought a lobster which was about four times as big as a prawn, which I had no difficulty in consuming, and, as I was saving over the food, I indulged in a small bottle of hock, 2s. The waiter then brought some cutlets and peas. I waved my hand, and said, “I couldn't touch it” (that was not true). In a subdued voice, he confidentially remarked that there would be nothing more to pay. So I replied, in that case, that I would have a cutlet. The same rule applied to some hot chicken and bacon, and a gooseberry tart.

I told the waiter I was looking out for a nice quiet sea-side place, and told him of the different places I had visited. He said “Oh, yes, excursion places, trippers, roughs; there's none of that element here, there's no pier to attract them. We have a different class. We see the same faces year after year.” I sympathised with him as to the monotony, but said that if they were good-looking faces, it didn't so much matter.

To my horror, the bill for my dinner was 11s. 6d. I expostulated with the lady at the office, who said it was the usual price for the *table d'hôte*, and that I had ordered a lobster, which was a special dish.

I paid the bill and gave the waiter sixpence, which he politely handed me back and told me to give it to the war fund.

In the train coming home I totted up what I had spent in this cheap manner of looking out for a likely place for our holiday, and to my astonishment found that I had spent over £10, so I fear our holiday will have to be curtailed by a fortnight.

I'm thinking of going to the Norfolk Broads. By the way, what is a Norfolk Broad? Can you assist me? Yours, etc.,

“STILL ON THE LOOK-OUT.”

DR-TECK-TED?—“An appointment,” says the *Daily News*, “which looks like the removal of an officer from active service at the front” is that of Captain his Serene Highness Prince FRANCIS OF TECK, to be employed in “the Remount Department.” Hope the name is of good omen and that he will set up again.



"ERE'S YOUR WERRY GOOD 'EALTH, SIR!"

## THE BOOK OF BEAUTY.

A GREAT THOUGHT FOR EVERY DAY OF THE YEAR.  
IN MONTHLY PARTS.

## IX.—THE MR. DOOLEY SECTION.

AUGUST 1ST TO 5TH.—“I hear-r they’re a gr-reat chanst iv a Gin’ral Diss’lution if th’ weath’r on’y kapes on,” says th’ Secrety iv th’ Lib’ral Cork’s, in conf’rence with th’ Cla-ark iv th’ Meech’rollogy Departmunt. “They was a platf’m onst again th’ war-r, but ‘tis broke,” says he, “an’ th’ Lib’ral Parthy’s fr’ paintin’ itself thrue kha-arky. Ivery candydate’s got t’ be a sojer or a sailor or a war-r cor-r’ spondhont or else a horsp’t l’ordherly,” says he. Cap. LAMBD’H’N’s r-runnin’ fr’ Newcastle on th’ Dimmyeratic tick’t; an’ th’ champeen BADHEN POLE’ll swape th’ boord at Hyde Park Cor-nner, th’ hotbed iv th’ ray-achshun’ry il’ment,” says he; “unless he furrst ascinds to th’ House iv Payrs,” says he. “Th’ ole countrhy’ll be re-erected fr’m th’ Mull’gan Gyards, an’ th’ illiction expinses paid be a sprinklin’ iv pathrites fr’m th’ Ph’lippeens. ‘Tis pity th’t th’ wan Lib’ral Mamber at th’ Front pr’vinted fr’m attindin’ be th’ call iv jooty,” says he. “I dinnew what’ll be th’ price iv a loan iv a Lion’s Skin or a Rid Insign, but they’re a tur-rible strain on th’ ma-ark’t alriddy, an’ th’ German houses onable t’ ex-eute fur-rther ordhers fr’ th’ prisint,” says he.

6TH, 7TH.—“Me an’ me frind fr’m Poort Ar-rth’r’ll conthroll th’ lines iv commun’cation be rail an’ thug t’ Paykin,” says the French Gin’ral. “I’ll not have Adm’r'l SAYMORE intherfeerin’ with th’ wurruk iv th’ thransp’t systh’m,” says he. “Let th’ spaldeen thread on th’ tail iv me choon’c,” says he, “an’ th’ distraction iv th’ har-mony iv th’ Cone’rt’ll be on th’ hid iv m. Fash-shooda!” says he.

8TH, 9TH.—“An’ what’ll be th’ name iv ye’er new wather-shoobe boilers?” says th’ Pos’masth’r-Gin’ral.

“Bellvill,” says th’ Fur-rst Lord iv th’ Adm’r-lty.

“An’ a fine prospekt fr’ th’ public,” says LOND’NDHERRY, “if they’re anything in a name,” says he.

“An’ what might be th’ addhriss iv ye’er new sorthin’ off’ce,” says Mr. GOOSH’N.

“Mount Plisant,” says LOND’NDHERRY.

“Tis another fine prospekt fr’ th’ public,” says Mr. GOOSH’N.

10TH TO 14TH.—“I’ll not have conser-ription,” says th’ Undher Secrety iv War-r. “Tis a free countrhy,” says he, “an’ not wan iv thim slave-drivin’ European monno-polies,” says he. “It’s mesilf th’t’s all I’r kindness an’ th’ Volunth’ry systh’m,” he says. “They’re a powr iv good Threes’ry goold been squandered on th’ Orxill’ry For-rees, an’ they done splendid,” says he. “But it’s mighty onconvaincent fr’ th’ Sthrateejans not t’ know what la-ads they have t’ dipind upon t’ fight fr’ th’ flag again th’ naygers,” says he, “whin th’ squaze comes all iv a suddint,” says he. “I’d have voluntineerin’ made com-puls’ry, same’s th’ Rig’lars; so’s ye may know whar y’ar-re,” says he. “It’d be conthrairy t’ th’ undherlyin’ princ’ples iv th’ sarv’ce,” says Mr. ARN’L’ FORSTH’R. “An’ a sop t’ Cerbeerius,” says Sorr HINNERY, “t’ give them th’ chanst t’ clan the’er dirtyl’nn’ in privat,” says he. “If I’d on’y known,” says th’ Undher Secrety iv War-r, “th’t me proposh’l’d cause offence, I’d’ve dhropped it b’fore I took it up,” says he. An’ he dhropped it.

15TH, 16TH.—“Chiny’s me throue frind,” says the Rooshian Cza-ar; “an’ fr’m what I r-read in th’ free Press iv me countrhy,” he says, “th’ other gr-reat Powers’re blazin’ jeal’s iv me succise in that quarther,” says he. “Don’t tell me th’t th’ Chiny Impress’s a monsther iv ingratitchood,” says he; “though be all appearance she dis-sembles her afflictions. Is’t war-r again Sibeery th’t she’s afther makin’?” says he. “An’ she may that,” says he, “an’ never do a betther day’s wurruk fr’ us,” says he.

17TH TO 19TH.—I’ll not intertain th’ distressfull dillygates on mass,” says th’ Chairm’n iv th’ Gr-reat Easth’n Comp’ny. “Lave them come be twos an’ threes,” says he, “an’ I’ll dishcoorse with them sip’rate,” says he. “Tis a livin’ wage they’re shtrikin’ for, is it? An’ how manny times will I till ye



Mrs. Brown. "WELL, I MUST BE GOING IN A MINUTE."

Mrs. B. "WHAT FOR?"

Mrs. B. "WHY, I FORGOT TO ORDER THE FISH FOR DINNER."

th't th' livin' wage 's not th' concarn iv th' Comp'ny, nor th' gin'ral con-vanience iv the public nayther," says he; "it's th' inthrests iv th' div'dhends," says he, "same's a Sugar Thrust. They'se some 'd have us ray-form th' thrack," says he, "an' clane out th' ca-ars, an' mop up th' dirt iv Fenchurch St. Depot, an' sim'lar couns'l's iv per-fection. What nixt?" says he.

20TH—23RD.—"An' what'll all th' flags mane," says I, "an' th' red tape an' th' pathriotic choones an' thransparencies? Is't th' new christ'nin iv Praytoory, or th' jub'lee iv Pa-ardy-berg; or have they caught anny wan on th' inside iv a kyordon?" says I.

"They have not," says a mimer iv the polis; "'tis just a ca-arn'v'l n' aid iv th' funds," says he.

"An' what funds?" says I.

"F'r th' ray-construnction iv th' War-Off'e," says he.

"An' what's wrong with the wurrucks?" says I.

"I dinnew," says he. "B't I hear-th't th' Gin'rals 're s'lected f'r fam'ly raysons," says he; "an' th' guns not sighted straighth, an' th' mount'n in'f'ndry walkin' f'r want iv ca-ars," says he.

"Tis a tur-rble on-ditemint," says I, "an' I hope ye'll thrun' em out."

"I hope that," says he.

"An' will ye dhrink t' th' disthruction iv th' systh'm?" says I.

"I will," says he.

24TH TO 28TH.—"Were ye iver in a sha-am fight t' Aldhershot?" says I, t' a Corp'r'al iv th' Inn'skillin's fr'm th' front.

"I was," says he.

"An' does bear anny ray-sim-blance to th' field iv ca-arnage?" says I.

"Savin' thransp't an' th' sunstroke, it does not," says he.

"Do they dhress y' up f'r it?" says I. "In invis'ble rid," says he.

"An' do they not larn ye to take cover?" says I.

"Twud be playin' hide-n-sake on a goluf green," says he.

"An' is they never an ambuscade?" says I.

"Divvle a wan," says he, "with both parthies knowin' every inch iv th' ground be hear-rt, an' th' nixt move rig'lated be th' Gover'mint rools," says he.

"Have y' no wurrud iv difense f'r th' systh'm?" says I.

"Tis a gr-rand thrainin' f'r bein' kilt," says he. "Thru f'r ye; they're not anny betther material th'n th' British in'f'ndry be rayson iv the'er cour'ge an' dog-headness; but 'tis th' instrucion th' makes them th' finest ta-arg't in th' wurruld," says he.

29TH TO 31ST.—"Have ye anny notion iv th' Far' East'n question," says O'LEARY.

"I have," says I; "but 'tis inthr'cate. Fur-rst, ye see, they'se th' Boxers. Thim's pathrites," says I, "same's th' Moonlighters; an' be that token, th' Chiny Gover'mint's again thim, an' thrates thim's in'mies. But they're both again th' furrin divvles, an' 'tis why th' Chiny Gover'mint thrates thim's fr'nds. An' th' lied Powers 're fr'nds with th' Chiny Gover'mint whin it's again th' pathrites; an' in'mies whin it's not again thim; an' twud shoot th' Powers fine t' be fr'nds again th' common in'my," says I, "if on'y they wasn't nath'r-al-bor-rn in'mies iv wan another fr'm th' commineemint," says I. "Ye follow me argymnts?" says I.

"I do," says he; "an' the poor down-throdden erayther has me throue sympath'y."

"Who's that?" says I.

"Th' Sult'n, iv coarse," says he.

O. S.

#### A FABLE.

A COMPANY of children found  
A bold cock-sparrow on the ground,  
And laid their plans with careful thought  
So that the sparrow might be caught.  
Lines of attack with skill they trace,  
And draw a cordon round the place.  
One faced the bird, devoid of fear,  
One fortified a kopje near,  
One, finding thus the foe at fault,  
Approached the sparrow's rear with salt,  
When suddenly, to their surprise,  
Away the "slim" cock-sparrow flies.

#### MORAL.

When cordons round the Boers you draw,  
Ponder these maxims: "Rats can gnaw,"  
"Don't count your chicks before you  
hatch them,"  
And "To cook hares you first must catch  
them."

## THE WASHING UP.

[“New Australia, the socialist colony, which started with such lofty ideals, has gone to pieces upon the extremely vulgar question who was to do the washing up.”—*Sydney Bulletin*.]

To live for others, sinking self,  
And deeming all the things of earth,  
Rank, title, glory, honours, pelf  
As nothing worth;  
To share alike one common lot—  
So, so we thought to drink the cup  
Of happiness. Ah! we forgot  
The washing up.

The dignity of labour—thus—  
The burden of our chorus ran—  
This, this alone should stamp for us  
The nobleman;  
All should be equal, so they worked;  
But ah! when we would dine or sup,  
We all invariably shirked  
The washing up.

To take his brother by the hand,  
And lead him on to higher states,  
Was each man's wish. But none could  
stand

The greasy plates.

Some even whispered, “Why not leave  
Them on the ground? Some hungry pup  
Will like them clean, and so achieve  
The washing up.”

Ah me! that such a cause, so vain,  
Should wreck so sweet and fair a dream!  
Well, if we ever try again

A social scheme

Where all are equal in our view,  
A maid, non-socialist, shall sup-  
plement our household staff and do  
The washing up.

## TOURIST'S ALPHABET.

*Amiens—if you want to stop short of Paris.*

*Boulogne—if you don't mind the Porte.  
Calais—if you are satisfied with a good buffet minus anything else.*

*Dunkirk—if you know how to get there.  
Etretat—if you prefer it to Dieppe.*

*Florence—if you are dissatisfied with your own National Gallery.*

*Geneva—if you propose doing Mont Blanc on a bicycle.*

*Heidelberg—if you are fond of climbing ruins.*

*Ireland—if you have never been there before.*

*Jamaica—if you have a taste for rum.*

*Kiel—if you are in doubt about the sincerity of the Germans.*

*Lucerne—if you like to be personally conducted.*

*Marygate—if you prefer good air to “smartness.”*

*Naples—if you have not seen enough of it at Earl's Court.*

*Ouchy—if you prefer comfort to glacier scaling.*



1st MAY  
1900

*Mr. Tipkins (who has never even SEEN a Cricket Match, and is suddenly called upon to fill up a gap in Mr. Bilbury's Local Team). “WHERE DO I STAND?” Umpire. “OH—STAND OUT OF THE WAY!”*

[To be continued.

*Persia—if you wish to see how the country is getting on without the Shah.*

*Quebec—if you desire to see Canada.*

*Rome—if you don't mind the cold damp after night falls.*

*Sweden—if you prefer it to Norway.*

*Turin—if you can get no further South.*

*Uig—if your heart is in the Highlands.*

*Verona—if you sympathise with Romeo and Juliet.*

*Wiesbaden—if you can dispense with play when taking the cure.*

*Xeres—if you care for pure wine.*

*Yokohama—if you went to see something of the Chinese War.*

*Zurich—if partial to the local fair waters.*

**WIGS AND CONSERVATIVES.**—Mr. Justice COZENS - HARDY, following the sensible example of Mr. Justice MATTHEW, dashed his wig aside and cooled his noble brow. But the Bar in his Court, unlike the learned barristers in Judge MATTHEW's Court, retained their wigs on their heads. We all know the Irish expression of “Wigs on the Green,” but few Saxons understand it. Here was an illustration, for how green they were to keep their wigs on when so good an example had been set by their HARDY Judge.

HEAVENLY DOGS.—Skye Terriers.



Mamma. "Now go and say GOOD-NIGHT TO YOUR GOVERNESS, LIKE A GOOD LITTLE GIRL, AND GIVE HER A KISS."  
 Little Puss. "I'LL SAY GOOD-NIGHT, BUT I WON'T GIVE HER A KISS."  
 Mamma. "THAT'S NAUGHTY! WHY WON'T YOU GIVE HER A KISS?"  
 Little Puss. "BECAUSE SHE SLAPS PEOPLE'S FACES WHEN THEY TRY TO KISS HER."  
 Mamma. "NOW, DON'T TALK NONSENSE; BUT DO AS YOU'RE TOLD."  
 Little Puss. "WELL, MUMMY, IF YOU DON'T BELIEVE ME,—ASK PAPA!"

[Tableau.]

## OUR BOOKING OFFICE.

In *Dwarf Land and Cannibal Country* (FISHER UNWIN) is a record of travel and discovery in Central Africa. The country is not new, since STANLEY was through it years ago and told the world all about it. Mr. LLOYD went as a Missionary, spending four years and a-half in Uganda and the neighbouring region. He modestly disclaims "pretensions to literary ability," but the manner of telling his story has the best of all literary excellencies, simplicity. His progress was full of adventure through strangest pathways. Happily for the work he was engaged upon Mr. LLOYD is of the class of Christian known as muscular. There is a graphic account of his facing a body of his escort, some seventy strong, bent upon thieving. "I dashed at the man who was leading them," writes the reverend gentleman, "seized him round the waist, and gave him the throw, at the same time bringing my stick down across his bare shoulders. Although he was a man half as big again as myself, and carrying a gun, he was thoroughly cowed." On consideration, the remaining three-score-and-nine thought they wouldn't go a-thieving. Missionaries seem planted out all along the line. As Mr. LLOYD writes of one station he visited, "they could not speak of any very marked results of their work" in the way of converts. What these minute results cost in the way of human suffering and loss of life, Lord SALISBURY will be interested to learn. Of the five hundred porters who started with this particular mission from Zanzibar, not more than twenty-five arrived at Nasa. Their sufferings

were so terrible, that happier were they who died by the wayside than those who crawled over the last stage of the journey. The value of the book is enhanced by abundance of illustrations from photographs.

THE BARON DE B.-W.

**HER MAJESTY'S.**—In spite of *Hamlet's* having said "Great CESAR dead and turned to clay," Mr. BEERBOHM TREE is going to revive him in the autumn. He has also taken Mr. SHAKESPEARE's Moor for the grouse season and hopes to make some fine bags. We trust these bags will so fill his treasury that he will not be under the necessity of going to the King of the Jews for any temporary assistance. *The King of the Jews* by Mr. STEPHEN PHILLIPS must be a piece of considerable interest, sixty per cent. probably. The King in question, Mr. B. TREE informed his friends, is Herod the Great, chief part by Mr. TREE, who will outheroed Herod. Altogether, fine chance for His Majesty at Her Majesty's perpetrated by one gifted creature and some few talented assistants.

**GOOD GRACIOUS, WHAT NEXT!**—Imagine the utter astonishment of good Mrs. MUDDLEHEAD on coming suddenly on this line in the *Daily News*—"Mr. Kruger, with the Executive, has visited Balmoral." "Why, then," she exclaimed, "the War's over, and KRUGER's in the hands of the police and taken before the QUEEN! I do hope—" But here it was pointed out to her that the news came from "Our Own Correspondent" in the Transvaal, and that there were more Balmorals than one.



“SO PERPLEXING!”

OLD LIBERAL PARTY. “OH, DEARY ME! WHICH PLATFORM SHALL I TAKE?”

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## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

*House of Commons, Monday, July 28.—* Curious how daily associations affect manner of speech. GEORGE WYNDHAM now been so long at War Office that he is quite naturally, in ordinary talk, falls into drill phrases. To-night in Committee on Volunteers Bill, CAWMELL-BANNERMAN having on the second reading approved a particular clause, on further consideration found it iniquitous, and supported opposition led by that famous soldier Captain SINCLAIR.

"I am amazed," said Under Secretary for War, drawing himself up to full height,

pleasantly put the matter in another way.

" You know the old saying, TOBY, which, as Member for Manchester, I am bound to accept, ' What Lancashire thinks to-day, England will say to-morrow.' It's something like this with our genial, really delightful friend opposite. What CAWMELL thinks to-day, BANNERMAN says to-morrow, and vice versa. The arrangement is picturesque and adds a fresh interest to Parliamentary life. But for practical purposes it would be better if the mental process and the consequent action were less remote in point of time.

*Business done.—Lot of Military Bills advanced on march to Statute Book.*

golf links, his right arm supple with practice on the violin, he lightly vaulted across table. About to repeat performance, when became conscious of a glare in the eye of the Lord CHANCELLOR that convinced him he'd better do his fielding round the end of the table. So, when the ceremony of giving Royal Assent to Bills comes on in Lords, the Clerk-Assistant, tightening his belt, literally makes the running.

With thermometer at 85 degrees in the shade, things different. TWEEDMOUTH, who behind a smiling countenance hides strong affection for LORD HALSBURY, to-night endeavoured to bring matters to a head. The deadlock about appointment of third



SIGNS OF APPROACHING DISSOLUTION.

IN FACT, THEY APPEAR TO BE ALREADY RUNNING DOWN THEIR CONSTITUENTS.

"at the right-about action executed by the Leader of the Opposition."

The difference between the lay and the military mind is illustrated by this choice of phrase to describe a particular thing. Remember, many years ago, how JOHN BRIGHT protested to a sympathetic House that in particular circumstances of the moment he declined to turn his back upon himself. I fancy happy possessors of back volumes of *Punch*, given away by the Times with a cup of tea, will find a sketch of the Radical Leader of those far-off days vainly endeavouring to execute the manœuvre described. As put by GEORGE WYNDHAM, late Lieutenant in the Cold-streams, the movement easy enough. Much fear the remark not kindly meant : designed to insinuate that C.-B. belongs to the tribe of REUBEN. PRINCE ARTHUR

*House of Lords, Tuesday.—* In ordinary weather very well for the Clerk-Assistant in Lords to double part of the Reading Clerk. On the stage such devices are common enough. Indeed, if thermometer is at normal point, and Clerk-Assistant in pretty fair fettle, the situation has its compensation. To stand at one side of the table and, in the capacity of Reading Clerk, recite the names of Bills awaiting Royal Assent, thereafter to run round end of table, come up smiling at other side, and pretend to be Clerk-Assistant or Clerk of Parliaments, declaring "*La Reyn le veult*," is welcome exercise, varying the sedentary character of the afternoon's work.

When necessity first presented itself, the Assistant Clerk, being still lithe, a member of the Zingari, familiar with the

Clerk at the table of Lords is due to LORD CHANCELLOR. He, following familiar kindly instincts, proposed, in the absence of blood relations (all provided for) to induct into snug office a personal retainer. The Peers, who will stand much of that kind of thing, stuck at this particular proposal. Select Committee, considering whole question of House of Lords' offices, recommended that much-prized vacancies at Table should be filled by promotion from Committee Clerks. To that end proposed that appointment of Reading Clerk should be vested in Clerk of Parliaments.

"Oh, no, you don't," said LORD HIGH CHANCELLOR, of course in more judicial language. "It is one of my many statutory perquisites. You may, in spite of the proverb, get a bone out of a dog's mouth. If you get me to give up any

shred of my patronage, my name never was HARDINGE GIFFARD. You take my man as Reading Clerk, or go without."

Noble Lords, not to be intimidated by hardship entailed on two clerks—who, throughout Session, have had to perform the work of three—declined to approve LORD CHANCELLOR's latest little job. Staff of Clerks at Table has accordingly through Session been reduced by one-third. When batches of Bills come over for Royal Assent, noble Lords have had opportunity of seeing what a member of I Zingari can do when a ball is, so to speak, hit for four to square leg.

To-night TWEEDMOUTH, saying what everybody else thinks, that this sort of thing has gone on long enough, moved that the appointment to the vacancy should be made by Clerk of Parliaments. LORD CHANCELLOR climbed down with ingenious minimising of apparent descent. Proposed that LORD CHIEF JUSTICE should nominate Clerk, promising to complete appointment.

*Business done.*—Commons spent sultry night with Companies Bill.

*Thursday.*—C.-B., rising to put prosaic question about order of business, startled by burst of cheering behind him. Began above gangway; ran along benches below it, till whole pack in full cry. Very nice in its way; but poor compensation for what happened yesterday. On Colonial vote whole question of necessity, conduct, and policy of war in S. Africa raised. LLOYD-GEORGE sums up, in a phrase, situation from his point of view.

"You went into South Africa for philanthropy," he says, "and stayed for burglary."

That all very well for a Welshman. On some subjects TAFFY, according to the old doggrel, speaks with authority. Different in case of WILFRID LAWSON, who hails his gallant countrymen, fighting for the Empire in South Africa as freebooters, burglars, filibusters, and Boxers. By way of emphasising his peace-loving remarks, moved reduction of vote. C.-B., emphatically declining to associate himself with the patriotic Cumberland Baronet, would not vote for amendment. Not less disinclined to join in vote of confidence in DON JOSÉ, cannot support motion. Accordingly abstains from division lobby.

That may be right or wrong, wise or foolish. Anyhow, it was the deliberate decision of the titular Leader of the Opposition, presumably taken in concert with colleagues on Front Bench, and approved by rank and file. C.-B.'s speech preluded by affecting scene. BOB REID flinging his arms round his neck, straining him to his manly bosom, declared that he was his only leader. Drying his eyes, BOB proceeded to announce that he intended to vote directly against his only Leader, whose conduct in refraining from sup-

porting WILFRID LAWSON's motion laid him open to suspicion of being a freebooter, a filibuster, a burglar, and a Boxer to boot.

Pretty well, to begin with. Immediately after EDWARD GREY, rising from side of revered Leader, announced that he should support the Government in the division lobby. Lest C.-B. should plume himself with reflection that he might at least be right in one direction BRYCE rose from his other side, and protested that he was



"THE DEVOUT LOVER"

(Sir R-b-rt R-d.)

"It is not mine to sing the stately grace,  
The great soul beaming in my Leader's face.  
  
But mine it is to follow in his train,  
Do his behests in pleasure or in pain :  
Burn at his altar Love's sweet frankincense,  
And go an' vote while he sits on the fence!"

going to vote for the amendment. There being by this time nothing left in the way of pathway for mutiny, the Leader of the Opposition walked out without voting; EDWARD GREY went into the "Aye" lobby; BRYCE and BOB REID into the "No" lobby. If there had been a fourth course presenting opportunity for flouting the Leader, other of his colleagues would have taken it. As it was, they divided themselves among these three ways.

Pretty to see DON JOSÉ's smile as he watched the scene.

"Nice preparation this for a General Election, don't you think, *cher TOBY?*" he said. "United in their detestation of me, in everything else they are divided."

*Business done.*—Indian Budget brought in.

FOR THIS RELIEF—HOORAY!—Thermometer up to 95 . . . going down a bit . . . then a breeze through open doors—in at windows—"There's air!"

#### TO PHYLLIS.

(In Summery Attire.)

O PHYLLIS, cynics of to-day

Have—what I'm more than half afraid is  
Sometimes their due—hard things to say  
About the ladies!

For ways all dark and tricks most vain,  
Heathen-Chinese-like not a few are,  
But, PHYLLIS, gladly I explain,  
How different you are!

You're frank and true, I must believe,  
You're one of those *quaे fraude carent*,  
You've nothing hidden up your sleeve!  
You're quite transparent!

#### THE HEAT OF THE ARGUMENT.

[During the hot weather some of the Judges dispensed with their Wigs.—*Daily Paper.*]

SCENE—Court in Royal Palace of Justice.  
PRESENT—Bench and Bar. TIME—When the Sun is most Powerful.

Judge. Really, gentlemen, as I find that the glass now touches eighty-two, I think we may dispense with our wigs and robes.

Senior Member of the Bar. As your Lordship pleases.

[The Bench and Bar disrobe.]

A.Q.C. My Lord, permit me to make an application. My clients in the well of the Court would feel greatly refreshed if they were permitted to remove their coats.

Judge. A very proper suggestion, and one I shall myself adopt. There can be no possible objection to sitting in our shirt sleeves. [Further disrobing occurs.]

Pleading Counsel. And now, my Lord, to return to the application before your Lordship. I do not understand the affidavit of my client. No doubt he was affected by the heat that at present prevails, when he swore it.

Judge. Quite so—a very reasonable explanation of a rather unusual admission. And now as I notice that the glass has reached 84, I think we may go so far as to remove our waistcoats.

Members of the Bar. As your Lordship pleases. [Further disrobing occurs.]

Judge. You say you do not understand your client's affidavit. I am not surprised that in this hot weather you should have been superficially instructed, or failed to show your customary power of comprehension. If you cannot understand it, I fear I cannot assist you. But I will take the matter into consideration. And now, as the glass has risen to 86, and we have gone as far as we can, with safety, in the direction of obtaining relief by disrobing, I think we may follow the glass's excellent precedent. The glass has risen—the court will also rise. I will take the case occupying our attention to-morrow. Those interested may appear in costumes suitable to the temperature. For myself, I shall deliver my decision—from a shower bath. [Scene closes in upon the glass reaching 92].



Bernard Partridge fecit

LEO LANGTON was wandering uneasily about his chambers in the Temple in a state of some mental agitation. The reason for his restlessness was a sufficiently commonplace one. His "Laundress" had decreed that his windows required cleaning, and an unknown man was even then poised perilously on the window ledge plying a wash-leather. But the "Laundress" was nowhere to be found. Could he leave his chambers unprotected, to the ravages of a mechanic?

Had they been ordinary chambers, meagrely furnished with a few bachelor necessities, he might have done so. But LANGTON was a virtuoso; his small—but, he believed, judicious—collection of china and bric-a-brac was very precious to him. A silver cream-jug, temp. CHARLES I., shone on his oak dresser. A little bronze hawk damascened in gold stood on his mantelpiece, with some of Netsuke's exquisite ivory figures, while he had one or two really valuable coins. What if the grotesque figure in its shirtsleeves, now engaged in polishing his windows, should appropriate any of these in his absence? The thought was unendurable.

He examined the window-cleaner critically from this point of view. Did he look like a person who was likely to plunder the rooms of a confiding employer? LANGTON had to confess he did not. Respectability was stamped on every line of his features, on every crease in his well-worn black trousers. With his white hair and his mild brown eyes, he looked almost venerable. But then appearances might be deceptive. What was to be done?

LANGTON was not an idle man. On the contrary, his mornings were busy. It was not easy for him to devote one of them exclusively to the task of keeping an eye on a window-cleaner. And it was already half-past eleven. At such a crisis, the presence of his "Laundress" would have been invaluable. Mrs. CRISPER was entirely trustworthy. She would, he felt

sure, have guarded his possessions like an elderly lioness. Why did she not come?

He would give her ten more minutes. Meantime, it was only prudent to lock up the more obviously valuable of his treasures. China and Netsuke would have no attractions for a window-cleaner, but the bronze hawk and the silver cream-jug of the time of CHARLES I. might arouse his cupidity. He would lock them up in a cupboard.

He proceeded to do so, glancing the while suspiciously at the window-cleaner; but that venerable person seemed absorbed in his task, and did not raise his eyes. With a sigh of relief LANGTON turned once more to his chambers and surveyed them impartially, wondering what else it would be expedient for him to secrete. His eye fell on the beautiful gold medal which reposed in an open leather case on his bureau. Why had he been so careless as to leave it open? It was obviously gold and, therefore, to a window-cleaner, obviously worth stealing. What if the man had noticed it already?

Swiftly, almost furtively, he stole towards the bureau, seized the case and bore it towards the cupboard.

"You're quite right to put that away, Sir," said a gentle voice from the window.

LANGTON swung round almost as if he had been detected in a theft.

"What did you say?" he asked.

"I said you were quite right to put that away," returned the window-cleaner, swinging his leg over the ledge and coming into the room. The outside half of his task was done.

"Er . . . yes," said LANGTON, nervously.

"It is a beautiful piece," continued the other in his gentle, melancholy voice. "A very beautiful piece. Rare too."

"It is unique," said LANGTON, the enthusiasm of the collector overcoming the fears of the owner.

"I noticed it this morning as soon as I came," replied the window-cleaner, politely. "I congratulate you, Sir."

"Do you know anything of medals?" asked LANGTON.

"A little," answered the other modestly.

In the presence of a brother connoisseur, LANGTON's fears vanished. How he had wronged this respectable working man!

The medal was unique, but so was the window-cleaner who could appreciate it.

"Would you care to examine it?" he said, holding it out. "It was struck by WILLIAM OF ORANGE when he assumed the English crown. The motto is '*Non rupi sed recepi.*'"

"I remember," said the old man, "Dean Swift said of it 'the receiver is as bad as the thief.'"

The story was new to LANGTON, who relished it greatly. It gave an added interest to his treasure.

"But you were going to put it away," the window-cleaner suggested.

LANGTON blushed. "I thought, perhaps, . . ." he stammered.

"You were quite right, Sir," said the man, replying to his unspoken thought. "In such cases one cannot be too careful."

"Things are so apt to get lost," said LANGTON, apologetically, as he placed it in his cupboard.

The window-cleaner turned to his work again, and LANGTON once more surveyed his room. Another medal in a case lay on a bracket by the fireplace. He closed the case with a snap and was about to place it with the other.

"I hardly think I should trouble about that one," observed the window-cleaner, who had his back towards him and was now busily engaged on polishing the inside of the panes.

"I beg your pardon!" said LANGTON, swinging round again.

"Not at all," returned the other, gently.

"Why do you think I need not trouble about this one?" asked the collector fiercely.

"I have examined it with some care," said the window-cleaner. "It is a forgery."

"What!" shrieked the collector.

"I am afraid an undoubted forgery," said the other, in his melancholy voice. "There are only six genuine ones in existence. They were struck by QUEEN ELIZABETH after the Armada, to give to her admirals. The motto is '*Afflavit Deus et dissipantur.*' There are several copies about," he added regretfully.

"This is not a copy," said LANGTON. "It is a genuine original."

"Pardon me," replied the old man firmly. "It is certainly a copy. It might take in an amateur, but it could never deceive a specialist."

"The design is identical with that of the best known examples," said LANGTON angrily. "I have compared it with them."

"The quality of the gold is different," answered the window-cleaner with quiet decision.

There was a terrible certainty about the old man which appalled LANGTON. He examined the medal nervously. "What do you mean by the quality of the gold being different?" he asked.

"It is a question of the alloy," answered the other, returning to his window cleaning.

LANGTON took out the piece, and gazed at it long and earnestly. Then he put it back in its case, placed it in the cupboard and turned the key defiantly.

"I don't agree with you," he snapped.

The window-cleaner said nothing.

"You seem very certain of your judgments," said LANGTON, irritated at the man's silence, in which, though his back was towards him, he seemed to detect a spicie of contempt.

"I am a collector of coins myself," replied the window-cleaner simply.

LANGTON laughed. There was a naive absurdity about coin-collecting as the hobby of a cleaner of windows which appealed to him.

"I should be interested in seeing your collection," he said with elaborate irony.

"I rarely show it to anyone," answered the old man quietly. "I find collectors very unscrupulous."

"You need not be afraid that I should steal from you," said LANGTON haughtily.

"Perhaps not," answered the other, who had now finished his window cleaning and was putting on his coat. "But you would be sure to talk about it. Collectors always talk. And if once my collection were known I should never feel safe."

LANGTON forgot his momentary irritation at the spectacle of the man's obvious sincerity. He was so naively proud of his collection. They were clearly kindred spirits. "I give you my word," he said earnestly. "I will never mention it to a soul."

The man sighed. "I feel half inclined to trust you," he said doubtfully.

"You may safely do so," replied LANGTON.

The man took up his wash-leather and other paraphernalia. He was plainly a prey to indecision, torn between prudence on the one hand and the collector's passion for exhibiting his possessions on the other.

"Come," said LANGTON, laughing in spite of himself. "You may trust my discretion."

"You will speak of it to nobody?" said the other slowly. "You give me your word?"

"My word of honour as a gentleman," replied LANGTON, humouring him.

"As a collector," corrected the window-cleaner.

LANGTON nodded.

"Let us go, then," said his companion.

They went out into Fleet Street. Visions of his neglected work, of luncheon already due, crossed LANGTON's mind, but he dismissed them. One can work on any day, and luncheon can be dispensed with for once, whereas a chance of inspecting a collection of coins accumulated by the honest savings of a window-cleaner does not come often to any of us. The man, of course, would have nothing of value. How should he? But there was a certain pathos in the fact of his collecting at all, and he appeared to have studied his subject. He might have got together a considerable number of copper coins of various periods at relatively small expense. Many of the Roman period were dug up nowadays, and fetched only trifling prices; and if his knowledge was really considerable he might have picked up several pieces that were interesting, if not precisely valuable. Should he have secured anything of importance, LANGTON made a mental note that he would make him an offer for it, a generous offer.

At the corner of Chancery Lane they took a cab, and the window-cleaner directed the man to drive to the Caledonian Road. Half-way up that depressing thoroughfare he told him to stop, and they got out.

"Shall I tell him to wait?" asked LANGTON.

"It is hardly worth while," replied the window-cleaner.

The cab was then dismissed, and they continued their journey on foot. LANGTON had not the remotest idea where he was, and the window-cleaner led him through such a net-work of courts and alleys that he soon lost all sense of direction. At last they came to some enormous model dwellings, built by the County Council for the housing of the British working man. They were built of a dingy brick, which towered to the heavens. An endless array of windows, all exactly alike, looked down upon them, and an endless number of little doorways, all exactly alike, lay open to the pavement. There were several wings jutting out from the main block, and to one of these the window-cleaner led him.

After clambering an infinity of stone stairs the window-

cleaner stopped before a door, unlocked it and ushered in his visitor, closing the door after him.

"I am afraid you have had a tiring journey," he said courteously.

LANGTON examined the room curiously. At first sight there was nothing in it to suggest the *virtuoso*. The bed in the corner was unmade. The furniture was of the cheapest description. Everything bore signs of poverty, tinged with dirt. "But where are the coins?" asked LANGTON after a moment's pause.

"I wonder if I did well to trust you," said the old man without answering the question. Secrecy was evidently a monomania with him, LANGTON reflected.

"I have given you my word," he said impatiently.

"Forgive my want of confidence," said the old man; "it was only momentary. In my position one can hardly be too careful."

"No doubt," answered LANGTON, reflecting on the hazards of a collection of coins in the wilds of Clerkenwell, if it was Clerkenwell.

Opening a drawer in the crazy table, which stood in the middle of the room, the old man produced a large box which he handed to LANGTON. The box had no lock. He opened it with some curiosity, prepared to display a patronizing interest in its contents.

The first glance, however, showed him that the patronizing note would be out of place. The window-cleaner's collection was small, but it was exceedingly choice. Apparently his interest was confined to gold coins, for no others were to be seen in the box. And such gold coins!

"Your collection astounds me!" he said

The window-cleaner bowed courteously. "I felt that you would appreciate it," he said.

"They must be very valuable," said LANGTON; "many of them are exceedingly rare. How did you manage to secure them?"

"I can give you the whole history of my collection," said the old man, his mild eyes beaming with satisfaction. "It is of no small interest."

"I feel sure of it," replied LANGTON.

"Observe this Roman coin," said the window-cleaner. "It's a Campanian issue. It has the helmeted head of Mars on one side, and the eagle standing on the thunderbolt on the other. What a treasure! I got that from old Professor SMITHSON, in Onslow Gardens."

"It is a very rare piece," said LANGTON.

"This," continued the old man, "is a gold penny of the reign of HENRY III. It is the first decorated coin known in England, and belonged to Sir HARRY VARDON. This gold piece of EDWARD III. came from the CROOME collection."

"I did not know that the CROOME collection had been sold," said LANGTON, but the old man went on without heeding him.

"This rose noble of EDWARD IV., I got from Lady WESTERTON'S in Park Lane."

"You seem to move in very high circles," observed LANGTON.

"I go to many of the best houses," replied the old man.

"But these must have cost a great deal to buy," said LANGTON, involuntarily casting his eyes round on the poverty of the room. Next moment he was ashamed of the action. But the old man, absorbed in his treasures, appeared to have noticed nothing.

"As you say," he answered, "they cost a great deal to buy."

The man's resignation, his simplicity, touched LANGTON deeply. How he must have pinched and hoarded, have denied himself

little luxuries, and even bare necessities in order to scrape money together to purchase the coins he now had. What years of patient waiting must have been passed before he could buy some coin he had set his heart on. What anguish he must often have endured when another, which he coveted, was for sale, but at a price beyond his means. As he looked at the old man's face, his white hair, his seedy black garments, his intense respectability, LANGTON thought with a pang of the years of probity and self-denial which had gone to the gathering of that collection. Small wonder that he went to many of the "best houses," and that their owners, no doubt, respecting his singleness of purpose, helped him now and then to the acquisition of some special piece when it came into the market!

But the old man went on with his catalogue. "This," he said, "is what is called a 'Bonnet' piece of James V. of Scotland. It has the bust of the King, wearing a bonnet or cap. It came from a country house in Surrey—a very beautiful house," he added, meditatively.

"It is a very beautiful coin," said LANGTON.

"Yes," replied the old man, "a beautiful coin and a beautiful house. It seemed almost a pity to part them. But I was obliged to do it."

"Of course," said LANGTON encouragingly, "You could not allow sentimental considerations of that kind to weigh with you."

"You think so?" returned the other. "I am glad of that. You are a true collector. You know the passion which seizes one to possess something precious, something unique. But there is one more coin which I must show you. It is my ewe-lamb. I keep it separate from the others."

Turning to the drawer, he produced a leather case very like that in which LANGTON kept the medal of WILLIAM III. The old man opened it proudly.

"Look at that!" he said, enthusiastically. "Isn't it a beauty! It is a double royal of HENRY VII., and worth any money. I did six months for that!"

LANGTON leaned heavily on the table beside him. Could he have heard aright? "I think I must have misunderstood you," he said. "Would you mind repeating that?"

"I was saying," replied the collector, beaming on him, "that I had done six months for that."

In a flash the hideous truth struck LANGTON. The man was a thief. The collection he was displaying with such pride was the fruit of a long series of robberies. He took out a handkerchief, and wiped his brow. The room seemed to have suddenly grown close and stifling. He sank into a chair.

"Do you mean to tell me that these are *stolen*," he gasped.

The old man surveyed him with pitying astonishment.

"Did you suppose that I had bought them?" he asked. "Did you take me for a mere huckster?"

"Great heavens!" said LANGTON. "And I cannot even denounce you to the police!"

"It would be a breach of hospitality," replied the old man. "Besides, I have your word."

"And you are a thief?" said LANGTON, looking curiously at his mild features and the respectable poverty of his appearance.

"Theft!" answered the old man. "What a misuse of words. I am a collector. These coins were, many of them, quite unappreciated by their former owners. Probably they never knew the loving care of a true enthusiast till they fell into my hands. I rescued them from neglect, and you call that theft!"

"It is the usual name for it," put in LANGTON, feeling himself called upon to offer some explanation of his word as it seemed to have annoyed his companion.

"The usual name!" replied the old man severely. "Only thoughtless or foolish persons accept words merely because they are usual. I am a collector, an impassioned collector if you will, but it is absurd to call me a thief. How many men would have been at the pains to acquire a collection that I have been? It has sometimes taken me years to gain a footing in a house where there was a coin which I wanted. I have had to learn a dozen trades in the pursuit of my object. You only know me as a cleaner of windows. I am also a carpenter, a glazier, a chimney-sweeper, a painter, a paper-hanger and a locksmith, especially a locksmith. And you speak to me as if I had never learnt to handle anything but a burglar's jemmy. Why, there is hardly any mechanical occupation that I have not mastered in the interests of my collection. I have given my life to it!"

The indignant eloquence of the old man was too much for LANGTON. He rose from his chair. Argument with this criminal enthusiast was beyond him. He wanted to get away, to escape from the stuffy room and from the companionship of a felon. Already he felt himself threatened with one of those headaches to which he was a martyr. He would go while he could still do so with any dignity of demeanour. He went towards the door. The old man opened it for him and bowed politely, and he staggered through it and downstairs with swimming head.

The court in which the collector's model dwelling stood had an entrance at either end, a fact which LANGTON had failed to observe. The one by which they had entered was on his right. As ill-luck would have it he took that on his left and soon found himself in a maze of small courts and streets at the back of Clerkenwell. Once or twice he asked for directions, but these were not very clear or, perhaps, his headache, which was now becoming acute, prevented him from taking them in. "Why didn't I have some lunch before coming?" he thought bitterly, as he at last emerged into a wider thoroughfare.

A stray hansom was in sight, returning apparently from some distant "fare" in North London. LANGTON got in, ordered the man to drive to the Temple, and closed his aching eyes.

By the time the Temple was reached he felt himself too much exhausted even for food. Sleep was the only thing which could cure headache, and though it was the middle of the afternoon he lay down on his bed and slept.

Towards five o'clock he awoke with a start. For a minute or two he could not collect his faculties sufficiently to realize what was the noise which had wakened him. Then he heard the step of his Laundress in the next room. He called feebly:

"Mrs. CRISPER!"

Mrs. CRISPER came to the door between the two rooms. "Lor, Sir, how you startled me!" she said. "I didn't know you was 'ome."

"I had a headache, and lay down to get some sleep," said LANGTON. "Something woke me. What was it?"

"It must have been the door slamming," answered Mrs. CRISPER. "It do shut rather loud."

LANGTON remembered now. It was a door slamming—doubtless Mrs. CRISPER coming in to see to his fire.

"That was it, of course," he said. "You may get me some tea, Mrs. CRISPER."

He got up, and went into the sitting-room. In a minute or two Mrs. CRISPER brought him some tea. The time seemed favourable for cross-examining her as to the identity of the mysterious window-cleaner. "By the way," he said, "who was that man who was cleaning my windows this morning? What is his name?"

"I don't know his name," replied Mrs. CRISPER, cautiously.

"What do you know about him, then?" he asked.

"I don't rightly know him at all," answered Mrs. CRISPER, "But he looked a respectable man, most respectable, and he seemed very anxious for the job, poor soul. He said he went to many of the best 'ouses."

LANGTON recognised the phrase with a grim smile. "I've no doubt he did," he said. "Now mind this, Mrs. CRISPER, that man is never to be allowed in my chambers again."

"Very well, Sir," replied Mrs. CRISPER, highly offended at this scorn of her new protégé. "But he did his work well, I must say. Cheap, too. He come back for his money not above ten minutes ago. Only one and threepence for them three windows. I 'ad to go across to Mrs. BARNET to get change."

"He came back!" cried LANGTON, jumping up.

"Of course, Sir," replied Mrs. CRISPER indignantly. "Poor soul, he 'ad to be paid. It was his slammin' the door behind him as woke you up."

With a dire misgiving LANGTON rushed to the cupboard in the corner of the room. The key was in the lock! How criminally careless he had been to leave it there. He turned it, and flung open the door. All seemed undisturbed. There was the silver cream jug of the time of CHARLES I. and the bronze hawk, damascened in gold. There, too, was the medal of QUEEN ELIZABETH lying in its case. But then the window-cleaner had said it was a forgery. In breathless anxiety LANGTON renewed his search. Where was the medal of WILLIAM III?

The medal of WILLIAM III. was gone!

The remainder of that evening and many succeeding evenings, LANGTON spent in tracking grey-haired old men of respectable appearance through the streets of London. Window-cleaners, carpenters, glaziers, chimney sweeps, painters and decorators, but especially locksmiths he examined with peculiar care; and, indeed, for months he could not pass the British working man in any one of his protean disguises without scrutinising him narrowly. A hundred times he believed that he had found the particular block of model dwellings inhabited by the collector of coins, but as the County Council buildings for the working classes are precisely alike, he could never identify with certainty the abode of the window-cleaner. For years he haunted the purlieus of Clerkenwell until his constant presence attracted the attention of the police, but with a scrupulousness which did him honour, he never took them into his confidence. He has never recovered the medal of WILLIAM III., and I begin to fear that he never will.

*John Hankin.*